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TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1875.

Choice Poetry.

A WELCOME.

- Another bairn cam' hame— Hame to mither and me!— It was yestreen in the gloamin', When scarce was light to see The wee bit face o' the darlin'. That its greetin' cry was heard, all our crowded matte made a place To hold another bird!
- Sax little bennie mouths,

 Ah, me' tak' muckle to fill;
 But to grudge the bit i' the seventh,
 For mither and me were ill!
 Oh! nextle up closer, dearie;
 Lie safe on the snawy broad.
 Where fast life's fedminin floweth,
- When thy twa lips gan pres
- The rich man counteth his carea By the shinin gowd in 's hand, By 's ships that sail on the sea, By 's harvests that whiten the land, The pair man counteth his bleasings
- By the ring a voices award, By the hope that glints in the bairnles' cen By the sound o' bairnles' feet.
- An' it's welcome hame, my darlin'!—
 Hame to mither and me!—
 An' it's never may pe find leas of love.
 Than the love ye brought wi'ye!
 Cauld are the blasts of the wild wind.
 And rough the warld may be:
 But warm a the lame of the wee one.
 In the hearts o' mither and me!

THE OLD HOME. AN ENGLISH POEM.

- Yes, still the same, the same old spot: The years may go, the years may come, Yet through them all there changeth not The old familiar home.
- The populars by the old mill stream A tribe taller may have grown;
 The lyles round the turret green
 Perphance more thickly throws;
- Yet still the same green lanes are here, That brought their violet sets in Spring. And beard, through many a golden year, The winsome echoes ring.
- Of children in the April morn, Knee-deep in yellow cowalips, bloom; Of lowers whispers lightly borne Through saftry twilight gloom;
- And out upon the red-bricked town.

 The quaint old bouses stand the same
- The same old sign swings at the Crown, Ablaze in sunset flame.
- Yet still 'fis not the same ald spot— The old familiar friends are gone; I ask of strangers who know them not— All strangers, every one.
- The morning brooks may sing the same; The white thorns blossom in the May; But each long-loved, remembered name Has passed in turn away.

Select Story.

A NIGHT ON A WHALE.

The King Harold, whaler, was cruising off the King's Mill group for sperm-fish, with the intention of passing the Winter months, there, and in the Spring going further north to catch the real whale. Thus far they had not captured a fish. At last, however, their efforts were destined to be crowned with success, and me of the crew met with the adventure which forms the subject

He was an Irishman named Pat: an active. strong hand, who had been promoted to perform the important duty of boat's header, or harpooner. At the first summons, four boats left the side of the King Harold, exerting their utmost strength to outstrip each other. An extraordi-nary zeal prevails on such occasions by those who man the different boats, as it be cessful harpoon; and on this day, all the others had shot ahead of that commanded by Pat, when, ust to the right of him, another whale was seen blow, and he at once turned towards it, and pulled away from his companions.

The other boats had too much work on their pay aftention to him; and as the whale they were in pursuit of just then rose again within thirty feet, one of the harpooners immediately drove his iron home. The two oth-ers were also "fast" soon after; but as the iron ors were also "fast" soon after; but as the iron of the second bout came out again, and the whale sank to a great depth, it was compelled to follow the third, and help in capturing its fish. This they eventually succeeded in doing, though the struck leviathan set off at full speed in a northerly direction, tegring the boats after him, and dashing the water furnary over their boars. and dashing the water furiously over their bows. However, after much trouble, they finally secured the two, and then lay on their oars to await the ship, as it would be impossible for them to

the ship, as if would be impossible for them to row with such a tremendous mass in tow.

While waiting for their vossel, which was at a great distance, they had leisure to look around for the fourth—that of our friend Pat—but they searched in vain for its glistening sail. It had disappeared, and their consolation was in the hope that it had been kept in sight from the masthead. The King Harold, however, was by no means a quick sailer, and the afternoon was spent ere she reached them, and secured the two fish alongside. A man was immediately sent aleft to see where the fourth boat was, but nothing could be seen of U, and at length the skipper and several of the crew followes to the same poand several of the crew followed to the same po-sition for a similar purpose; but all in vain. Once or twice they could see a dark spot on the water to the southwest, but on looking closer, it disappeared. The watch was kept up until dark, but not the slightest truce of it could be discov-

As the captain could not cruise about, on account of the fish alongside, even had he known in what direction to ateer, he determined to cut these up at night, as far as possible, and in the morping, leaving the remainder with a flag hoisted on them, seek the missing boat and its crow. He still had a chance of finding them to leeward, and the ship was drifting in that direction with the trade wind and equatorial current. It was most probable that a wounded spermaceti destroyed the boat, and that the men had not been able to keep so long above water. The sea was certainly data escape, but the fearful shark specifity seems the blood of a struck fish; and, as at the present moment, five or six of these greedy brutes were swimming round their vessel, and making hunwalling chorts to tear off a piece of the tough and elastic hide, it would be only too certain that they would find the spot where the other boat had sunk, and woe to the guifortunate man who were exposed to their rae fish alongside, even had be aufortunate men who were exposed to their ra-

But there was still a possibility that the boat had drifted as far to leeward that it could not pull up again, and two landeres were boated to the fore and maintepa, in order that they might not in any event, pull past in the gloom. After dark, about midnight, and before the dog watch, the skipper had the gun fired; but the night passed away without anything being seen or heard from the lost ones. The cutting up of the whale went on actively in the meanwhile, and the boiling out was immediately commenced. whale went of actively in the meanwhile, and the boiling out was immediately commenced. Large torolos, fid by strips of blubber, hung overboard in a fire-basket, a net made of iron hoops, and lit up the dark occan, giving the dancing waves a singular transparent hus. At daybreak, two harpooners were sent to the tops, armed with good glasses, to again look for the missing boat. In vain had they searched the whole horizon, without being able to discover

whole horizon, without being able to discover anything, when the eye of one was attracted by anything, when the eye of one was attracted by a dark spot, which he closely examined. The distance was too great to be clearly distinguished; but, for all that, the skipper was informed of the circumstance, and speedily joined them. It was certain something was floating upon the water there, whatever it might be, but it lay windward. They must have drifted past in the night, and the second harpooner was ordered off with a boat to discover what it was. Even if it was not the missing boat—and it did not at sill look like it—it might possibly he a dead whale, and would notonly repay for the trouble of looking after it, but would surely put them on the irail of the missing men, as the fish, if struck, would at any rate have one of the ship's harpoons or irons in it.

For nearly half an hour they pulled, following the signals on board, without distinguishing.

anything in their track, until the harpooner, who stood in the bow, suddenly funcied he noticed a dark object right in front, and only just above the water. Before long he shouted, half turning to his men, and pointing in front:

"Pull away, my lads, pull away. By heavens! it's a man on a raft, or boat, or something of that sort." Then uttering a lond "Halloat" he tried to aronse a responsive eehe; but no sound an-

to aronse a responsive echo; but no sound answered him, and the boat bounded on its course

"A man! a man!" the men in the boat now exclaim; and the boat's-header, who was also standing up, shouted—"By heavens! if that isn't Patrick!"

where are the others f"
But every other question died away in renewed exclamations of surprise when they came nearer, and not only recognized the fourth harpooner, the young Irishman, in the shipwrecked man, but also found that he was kneeling on a dead sperm-whale, which lay with its burden a few inches above the water. His left hand was twisted tightly in the line of the harpoon, which alone kent him on his slimery near and which alone kept him on his slippery post, and with the right he held the shaft, which he had cut away from the hardoon, so tightly grasped that he would not even let go when the boat shot up to him, and every arm was stretched out to help him in.

The poor fellow looked deadly pale, and could not utter a word—his eye was wildly fixed on his measurates, as if he did not recognize them; he merely rose mechanically to step into the boat, but fainted away as soon as he felt the firm planks under him. He had lived through a fearful night; and we must return to the period fearful night; and we must return to the period when he quitted the others with his bont, in order to chase the whale on his own account. Pat, der to chase the whale on his own account. Pat, as he thought, very elevarly steered away from the track of the other three boats, and followed a single sperm, which was lazily breasting the waves at some distance from the rest of the shoal. They rowed lastily on at about five himdered yards in the rear of the sperm, and gained upon it rapidly, for the fish was, as yet, ignorant of the danger that threatened it. At the same time, the sperm swerved more and more from its former course, and went westward with the former course, and went westward with the wind and current. Patrick now set his sail, in order to get nearer to the fish without any unnecessary noise. The whale, however, appeared to have scented the approach of danger, for it started off at the top of its speed, so that the hoat, even with the favorable breeze, could gain but little upon it. Soddenly, just as they had got, with great labor, within casting distance, the sperm dived, and the boat shot over the apot where the waves were will, healthing. where the waves were still bubbling over where the waves were still bubbling over the sinking mouster. "Sail in!" the harpooner quickly shonted; but the boat glided on a little distunce from the impetus it had received, and the boat steerer stood with uplifted lance, auxiously awaiting the signal of east. While the sail flapped idly in the wind, and the harpooner held the sheets firmly in his hand, that they might not lose a moment in pursuit, the rowers looked down into the clear water beneath, with the hope of, perhaps, seeing the fish, and so discover the direction it was about to swim in.

"There's something swimming," one of the

"There's something swimming." one of the rands quickly said, in a half surprised and anx-ons tone; it's coming up right straight from be-"Hush!" the harpooner said: "gently, gently,

or you'll startle him-where?"
"There he comes-there he comes." three or four shouted simultaneously, and grasped instinctively at their oars.

"Buck-back for your Byes!" the harpe "Back—back for your Rvest" the harpsoner cried at this moment, who was well aware of the peril to which they would be exposed if the colossus, in rising, merely grazed their boat. Almost at the same instant the oars fell into the water, and the boat had scarcely shot its own length back, when the gigantic rounded head of a powerful sperm fish, with its wide, narrow jaws half open, rose to the surface, and then bounded forward, as if to escape the strange object, whose presence he was now aware of. In the bow of the boat, and close about the mount. the bow of the boat, and ch tain of blubber, which actually rose under his very feet, stood the boat-steerer with uplifted lance; but his arm trembled, and, still within reach of the fearful foe, who could crush them at a blow, he did not dare to hari the harpson

into the flying monster.
"Give it him!" Patrick however shouled, per into the flying monster.

"Give it him!" Patrick however shouled, perfectly carcless of danger, and only thinking at the moment of the chase. "Hang the fellow, he'll let the fish slip through his hands!" and seizing his own lance, he appeared to be anxiously awaiting the moment when he could hard the sharp steel into the back of his prey. The boatsteers still hesitated, but only for a moment; for if he suffered the opportunity to slip, it was a question whether they would ever come up again with the startled whale. The sail had again caught the wind, and the harpooner held the tiller firmly with his knoes to bring the hoat's head round, and rush after the flying foe. At this instant the harpoon whizzed through into the monster's back, and was imbedded in the tough blubber. In a second the sail was again taken in, and the hoat-steerer, springing back to the tillar, made room for the harpooner to throw his lance, and give the leviathan of the deep his death-blow. Patrick stood in the bows, with his lance raised for a cast, and the orew tugged away at the harpoon rope, to bring their little barque close up to the prisoned fish. Patrick bent back, and while the flukes of the gigantic brute lashed the waves close to them, and it rose once again to escape the danger which it saw impending, the death-bearing steel sank deeply into the soft flank of the foe. In a second the barpooner withdrew it, to repeat the blow, and the whale, in its furr, suddenly turn-

doeply into the soft flank of the foe. In a sec-ond the harpooner withdrew it, to repeat the blow, and the whale. In its firry, suddenly turn-ed at bay, causing the sea to his and foam by ed at bay, causing the sea to hiss and foam by its rage.

"Thick blood!" the crew shouted at this moment; but the voice of the harpoener was heard, "Back for your lives!" And while the boatswain threw his whole weight on the tiller, and leaned overboard to bring her head round, and ere the crew could ship their oars, the furious brute came up with open jaws, and seizing and crushing the thin planks, tore them assunder as if made of paper. Patricksaw the danger, knew what impended over them, and with an unshaking hand he again harled the lanceat the enemy, and pierced its eye, but he could not save the boat. The maddened state probably did not feel the new wound in its death struggles. Por, blowing out the thick black blood, and only thirsting for revenge, it tore the boat to pieces, and the foaming, blood-stained waves soon closed over a mass of fragments and swimmers, who only tried to clutch to a plank in the instinctive feeling of self-preservation. Patrick had, quite meaning of self-preservation. Patrick had, quite monusciously, seized the line to which the harpoon was fastened, winding it around his arm; the whale dragged him along through the discolered waters, and he would inevitably have been drowned had the fish lived a few minntes longer. But the first cast had gone bone, and rising again to the surface, the while swam once or twice in a circle, lashed the trembling waves with its gigantic flukes, and then floated slowly and dead upon the blood-stained sea. Patrick, who had risen with it, and who had been so unwillingly taken into tow by the whale, swam quickly up to the floating menster, and seizing the harpoon still sticking in it, raised himself up at the very moment when a piercing shriek sounded close behind him. In horror he turned round; the cry for help was truly agonizing; but he felt as if stabbed to the heat when he saw, at no great distance from him, the dark dorsal fins of two sharks, which shot greedily saw, at no great distance from him, the dark dorsal fins of two sharks, which shot greedily back and forwards, while the gurgling in the water just behind him, and the lashing of the waves, betrayed the spot where one of his com-rades was fighting the light of death in the mer-ciless cluthers of a third beart.

and could not find the boat with the glass, and sailed about for days in search of him, of what avail would that be to him! Only hours, minavail would that be to him! Only hours, minutes, perhaps, were allotted to him, and his murderers were bounding in their insatiate greed
for their prey. Shudderingly he concealed his
face in his hands, almost forgetting his own peril, to see the death-struggle of his comrades
around him, which was only a counterpart of
what awaited him; but the hissing and roaring
of the waves compelled him at last, with that
instinct of self-preservation which clings to a
straw, to think of his own salvation, or at least
to defer his fate as long as possible, in order to
leave room for any possibility of help. The harpoon in the back of the whale, which, drove
still deeper into the blubber, offered him a sup-Patrick!"

"Patrick it is." the harpooner replied; "but there are the others f"
But every other question died away in renewall exclamations of surgrise when they came learer, and not only recognized flue fourth harsomer, the young Irishman, in the shipwreckdi man, but also found that he was kneeling on a dead sperm-whale, which lay with its burden leave inches above the water. His left hand was twisted tightly in the line of the harpoon, which alone kept him on his slippery post, and with the right he held the shaft, which he had with the right he held the shaft, which he had with the right he held the shaft, which he had with the right he held the shaft, which he had the sight poor in the back of the whale, which, drove still deeper into the blabber, effered him a support to keep him on the slippery, smooth mass. For, although he thought once or twice about cutting out the head and using it as a wespon of defense against the greedy sharks, still he immediately gave up the idea again. Once washed into the sea, even the sharp steel would be no protection against the agile shark which would imfallibly seize its prey eventually, and then draw him down in spite of all the wounds it might receive. But one thing he could do. The might receive. But one thing he could do. The handle of the harpoon, a short, stout oak stick of about two inches in diameter, was still fixed in the steel. This he pulled out, cut it away from the line with the lanyard kuife every sailor wears on his person and then festened the from the line with the lanyard kuife every sail-or wears on his person, and then fastened the cord to the ring of the harpoou. And while he twisted the cord tightly round his left hand, to have a better hold-fast, he saized the shaft with renewed confidence, and awaited, with tightly-cleuched teeth, and flashing eyes, the attack of the foe, which, however, was deferred for some time.

The sharks were satisfed for awhile, and played in the stream of blood which stained the water around, rather than sought for fresh prey; they tried at times to catch hold of the slippery, broad careass of the whale, or swam lazily among the broken fragments of the boat, scizing a plank and holding it for awhile between their teeth, and then pushing it before them with their round, spade-shaped upper jaws. The weather, fortunately, was quiet and calm, and the rippling waves, in which the whale rose and sank, washed over Patrick, but not one of the sharks had come near enough to seent him, or, if it had done so, had not noticed him; and he boped, perhaps, that he would be able to hold his own unassailed, nutil the ship could come up to save him, or, at least, send its boats. But I in the stream of blood which stained the wa his own unassailed, until the ship could come up to save him, or, at least, send its boats. But where was the ship! Father of mercy! there was no prospect of release for a long, long while. For even at the distance he then was, it could not escape the sailor's practiced eye that it was keeping away from him. The other boats, therefore, had caught their fish, and with their booty alongside, would not be able to look after him. At the same time, the sun burnt, hot and scorching, on his forehead, and his tongue clung to the roof of his month. Water! The limpid waves bathed his feet, and should heperish with thirst! He knelt down and washed his forehead and temples, and then he bound his handkerchief round his head—for he had lost his hat at the destruction of the boat—in order to protect it in some measure from the scorching beams.

destruction of the boat—in order to protect it in some measure from the scorching beams.

Through this movement, however, the attention of one of the sharks must have been attracted to him, or else, though satisfied and over satisfied, it could not resist its desire for more prey; for just as he raised his hands, he noticed that one of the largest dark fins, which projected above the water, was swimming in a direct line towards him. He had, in fact, scarcely time to raise himself, and prepare his weapon for defence, when a tremendous fellow of some thirteen feet in length shot up to him, and tried to turn over the back of the whale, and pluck off what was still upon it. But with the danger, all the sailor's daring courage returned to him, and swinging the heavy shaft in his hand, and holding the rope firmly in the other, he struck the head of the monster such a powerful and well-directed blow that the shark, half-stunned, slipped off the whale and sank ere it could preslipped off the whale and sank ere it could pre pare for a renewal of hostilities, or perhaps make up his mind for such a serious step. But other sharks had been attracted by the noise and splashing, and although they did not dare an immediate attack on the bold mortal who ventured to withstand them in their native element, still they continually swam in narrow circles round the spot where he was sitting, and once or twice came so near that Pat gave them one or two hearty blows across the inws. to teach them to came so near that Pat gave them one or two hearty blows across the jaws, to teach them to be respectful to him, and keep their proper distance. But the shark is a greedy, obstinate brute, and even if dangerously wounded, always returns to any booty it has once scented, as long as it retains the necessary strength. So it was in this instance. Again and again the heavy that was required to teach them that there was no this instance. Again and again the heavy stick was required to teach them that there was nothing here for them to fatch—at least, so long as the young Irishman felt himself strong enough to struggle against honger and thirst, the scorch-ing sunbeams, and the constant, tearful excite-ment of his nervous system, in the tremendous danger that ever appropriate him.

danger that ever surrounded him.

And the ship—no hope of salvation hence! Deeper and deeper sank the sun, and the ship lay to windward, with its glistening sails. But the beasts that swam around him became more and more ravenous, and tried in vain to drive their teeth through the tough skin of the sperm whale; and when the stars were lighted, and gradually illuminated the whole sky, as far as the bright strip which lay on the Western horizon, he watched the glistening beams shooting athwart the limpid waves, as the sharks swam restlessly backwards and forwards, and the peril that beset him grew worse with the night. danger that ever surrounded him.

il that beset him grew worse with the night.

He clearly saw the lights of his vessel hung out for him—he even noticed, when it grew quite dark, the bright glimmer of the binbher lamps, and even the pale light which came from the stoves of the oil-fryers, and were reflected in the idly-flapping sails. But what availed that to him? How could be hope to be seen from the ship in the darkness, and to be saved from his fearful position!—and would merely human strength be able to endure it until the next morning? He was no longer strong enough even to keep on his feet, and sought to find some listle relief in kneeling down for a minute, or so long as the approaching sharks permitted, upon his extraordinary float, and attempting to stretch himself at full length, even though it might be in the water. Fruitless hope! his tormentors left him no rest, and the danger of being surprised, seized and pulled down to a certain death, was too imminent to allow him to await their attack. The most creedy of the brutes, a young fish scarcely more than eight feet in length, once went so far as to seize the harpoon, and held it sufficiently long to be left haif dry upon the sperm by the retiring wave; but the oak stick hit it such a fearful blow across its treacherous, crafty-looking cyes, that the shark glided off the slippery whale, turned up its white stomach and sank. But others took the brute's place, and only the glistening streak in the water revealed their approach, and warned the unhappy man to prepare for the renewed attack.

Hour after hour thus passed in this fearful contest for life; hut fresh hope was aroused in him when the ship drew nearer and nearer to him, and the signal guns clearly reached his ear. At last he was able to recognize the forms on deek, as they moved backwards and forwards in the flickering light. "Ahoy—ho—shoy!" his wild, despairing cry was wafted across the waters, as his comrades drifted slowly past without noticing him—"ahoy!"

Again he was compelled to defend his life; for the sharks attracted b If that beset him grew worse with the night.

He clearly saw the lights of his vessel hung

his comrades drifted slowly past without noticing him—"alaoy!"

Again he was compelled to defend his life; for the sharks, attracted by the sound of a human voice, came up from all sides, and their dark dorsal fins cleft the surface of the water in every direction. His blow fell repeatedly, and the end of the tough shaft was already splintered—blows which could have felled an ox, produced no further effect upon the shark than to make it resire for a little while. And the ship—there it drifted within hail. Again a signal gun reached his ear, and he again employed the ensuing pause to send his cry for assistance across the waves to the spot where salvation lay—so near, and yet so unattainable. But the wind came from that quarter; though he could so distinctly hear the sound of the gun, and even distinguish the dif-

proximity. The love of life alone kept him upright, and urged him to defend it against the savage brutes outil his last breath.

Thus night passed away—the southern cross turned slowly—very slowly—to the west, and day at length broke in the far distant east. He saw it all, he saw the san rising from its dis-tant ocean bed, recognized the contour of his vessel, the graceful masts and the bellying sails, vessel, the graceful masts and the bellying sails, attempted to make a last attempt to abnounce his existence, and tried to pull off his shirt and wave it in the air—a signal certain to be seen by the lookout at the mast-head—but he was not able to do it. His limbs were stiff and rigid, and even his voice refused its service, and he could only prosince a hoarse, gargling sound; his eyes burned, his head went round and round, and a new wild idea, like a will-o'-the-wisp upon the broadly spreading and, struck him, and secured to expel all else—overy thought of help or salvation, every hope. He began to look out among the sharks that incessantly swam around him for the one on which be could hard himself, and which he intended to destroy, along with himself, which he intended to destroy, along with himself, by means of the sharp knife he wore. Again and again had this one attacked him, and he allowed

again had this one attacked him, and be allowed him neither peace or rest, for even an hour at a time; again and again, although received by fierce blows and driven back, it returned, the most rapacious of the rapacious band, and revenge he determined to have on that enemy.

But his strength deserted him, the painful excitement of his mind and body threatened to overpower him, and although the sharks had not renewed the attack since daybreak, though they still kept round the dead whale—for they felt that he must soon become their prey, without further trouble—he had fallen on his knees, and, half unconscience, only followed with his glance

half unconscience, only followed with his glauce the dark, threatening fins. He had utterly forthe dark, threatening fins. He had utterly forgotten the ship.

The loud hallon of the sailors that came to save him first aroused him from his lethargy. He saw the boat, but he could scarcely comprehend, it seemed, what it all meant, or where he was; but he raised himself once again, felt himself supported by friendly arms, grested by cheering, encouraging words, and sank back in a fainting condition. The harpooner had received orders, that on arriving at the dark spot which had been seen from the deck, if he found it was a dead whale, he was to give a signal by waiving a white flag he had taken with him, and remain there till the other boats could be sent to remain there till the other boats could be sent to his assistance to take the dead whale in tow. But they had not expected to find a single half-But they had not expected to find a single half-dead messmate upon it. He therefore gave the signal, and stuck the flag into the body of the dead whale, in order that the other hoats might find the spot, and then rowed with the saved man, as fast as he could, to the vessel. Three of the sharks, which were not inclined to let their prey be so easily torn from them, followed the boat, and were severally lamed and killed by the harpooner, who could easily imagine how they must have terrified and tormented his measurate.

Miscellany.

Shall I whisper a name that was lovely of old, When the tale of the infant Redecemer was told. The bonored of God, in her serves sublime. Still haunting the heart through the twilight of time?

O'er the starlight of Judah the night-mists were chill, On the Galilee's bosom the shadows lay still. When it wake in the midnight so sudden and dim, With the flame of a star and the sound of a hyun.

And bright with the lustre and sweet with the song Of the angels that sang and the glory that above, Its echoes are soft, through the haze of the years, With the breath of her sigh and the dew of her tears. And still at the altar and still at the hearth, From the cradle of Christ to the end of the earth, As gentle in glory, as steadfast in gloom, It serves at his side as it waits at his tomb.

And many shall bless it, as many have blest, From the morning of life till the morrow of rust

Vhile a Mary shall watch or a Mary shall wee EXCAVATIONS AT NINEVEIL. General Results of Mr. George Smith's Sec-

We have much pleasure in publishing the sub-joined very interesting paper from Mr. George Smith upon the general results of his explora-tions in Assyria:

tions in Assyria:

My trenches and operations were similar in character to those of last year, and need not My trenches and operations were similar in character to those of last year, and need not waste the time of your readers upon them. I discovered many new records telling of Kings before unknown, who reigned and performed royals acts in days long passed by; but these, again, are of the same kind as those I have already described in your columns. My purpase is, rather, in this letter, to give some other particulars of more general interest to those who are not Assyriologists. First as to the Plood legends. I discovered, on this second enterprise, several new fragments belonging to this series of texts, and I have found that the Babylonians called the hero of the Deluge Adrahasis, or Hasis-adra, which is the origin of the Greek form of his name, Xisithrus. The series of legends in which the flood is mentioned are, as I have before stated, principally occupied with the doings of an early Babylonian monarch whom I have provisionally called "Izdubar." From the time when I first discovered these traditions, I have always believed that in this hero I had lighted on the Nimrod of the Bible, and my new fragments confirm me in this Bible, and my new fragments confirm me in this opinion. Any of your readers who have followed my former letters in the Daily Telegraph, will remember that I stated the form of "Izdubar" to remember that I stated the form of "Izdubar" to be only a conjectural interpretation of the name of this monarch, which I proposed for the present to adopt as a convenience, until the true reading of the name was discovered. I believe the real sound of this name will turn out to be a Nimrod, but in the meantime I retain the form of "Izdu-bar," because his identity with Nimrod is not yet proved.

proved.

And now I will endeavor to describe my impression of the mighty hunter from these numerous legends. It must be first remarked that a little of the miraculous will be encountered in all early history, therefore, the fact of one or two extraordinary events occurring in the story need not discredit the more reasonable statements of texts. In the Book of Genesis, chapter x., verses 8 to 10, the account of the ancient here is:

And Cush begat Nimrod; he began to be a mighty one is the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord, wherefore it a said, Even in Nimred, the mighty hunter before the ord. And the heginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Irech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shiuar.

Lord. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Caineb, in the land of Shinar.

Babel has always been known as Babylon, one of the most renowned cities in the old world, while Erech, the second capital of Nimrod, is well identified with the Babylonian city of Aruk, or Uruk, now represented by the mounds of Warka. This was a very ancient and important capital, and is the scene of the principal Izdubar legends. The other two cities, Accad and Caineb, have hitherto not been identified, but I have now discovered the position of one of them, the very existence of which was doubted. This was Accad, or Akkad; it lay near Sippara, and to the north-west of Babylon. Akkad was long the capital of the country, and only lost its position on the rise of Babylon. The fourth city of Nimrod, that of Caineb, has not yet been discovered; it has been supposed, with great probability, to have laid on the east of the River Tigris.

Izdubar, or Nimrod, appears to have been a mighty hunter, who helped to clear the country of its wild animals, and engaged in those deeds of personal daring which the Assyrians and Babylonians houred so much. His name probably signifies the "torch" or "firebrand," a very appropriate title for a warlike hero. I believe he commenced his empire in Upper Babylonia, near the Euphrates, in the regious of Babylon and Akkad, and while he ruled there the lower part of the country was overrun by an invader. The old capital of this part of Babylonia was Uruk,

and he again employed the ensuing pause to send his cry for assistance across the waves to the spot where salvation lay—so near, and yet as unattainable. But the wind came from that quarter; though he could so distinctly hear the sound of the gun, and even distinguish the different voices on deck, he was nnable to make them hear him. He only made his enemies around more and more rapacious, and their attacks became almost incessant.

His strength, his good spirits—which had till now been kept up by the hope of salvation—sack, when he saw the ship drift past—sank, when he saw the ship drift past—sank, when no means were left him to announce his or threugh his servants, such as destroying a limit of the country was overrun by an invader. The old capital of this part of Babylonia was Uruk, or Erech and it is said to have been governed at that time by Isitar, who was afterward worshipped as a goddess. Under the name of Ishtar, I think, the legend alludes to an ancient queen of doubtful character whose dominions were seized by Isdubar. The enemy who had conquered Erech, held the city for three years, committing many atrocities, until Isdubar expelled him and took the country was overrun by an invader. The old capital of this part of Babylonia was Uruk, or Erech and it is said to have been governed at that time by Isitar, who was afterward worshipped as a goddess. Under the name of Ishtar, I think, the legend alludes to an ancient queen of doubtful character whose dominions were seized by Isdubar. The enemy who had conquered Erech, held the city for three years, committing many atrocities, until Isdubar expelled him and took the country was overrun by an invader. The

great lion, a sphinx, of monster, and other animals. He now built a palace at Erech and surrounded himself with a court, taking as his companion and adviser, a wise man, a seer or astro loger, named Heabani, whom he had tempted to come to his court. Adding district after district to his empire, and destroying the wild animals, he gradually laid the foundation of a considerable state. He conquered a chief mamed Humbaba, who ruled in a region clothed with pine trees, and therefore out of the land of Babylouia, and he vanquished another ruler named Belesu.

and he vanquished another ruler named Belesu. It was after the destruction of the latter that Ishtar, who is called a princess or queen, and who reigned at Erech, offered to marry Izdubar. The first husband of Ishtar was Tamzi-Tammuz, or Adouis—and Ishtar's conduct to him and her behavior after his death had been such that Izdubar, declined to have a neithing to do with Izdubar declined to have anything to do with ravaged by a bull which was supposed to be sent as a punishment for Izdubar's defiance of Ishtar. Izdubar destroyed this animal, and then celebra-Izabbar destroyed this animal, and then celebrated the event by a feast at Erech or Warka. He
sat in the hall of his palace, his chiefs round him
reclining on couches at the banquet, while proclamation of the glory of the monarch was made
round the town. Misfortune now set in. Heabani was killed by some animal, and afterward
buried in state by Izdubar, who made a lamentation over his lost companion; and Izdubar himself was soon attacked by some disease, of which
he died. Such should be the natural end of the
legend, and it would correspond with the curious legend, and it would correspond with the curious account in the old Arabic work called the "Sto-ries of Nimrod," where it is related that Nimrod, ries of Nimrod," where it is related that Nimrod, under divine displeasure, was stricken with disease, and died after antiering great tortures. So far there is nothing improbable in the legend, if we divest it of the supernatural element, and many of them are commonplace enough; but people in all ages have been reluctant to believe in the death of popular heroes, and in accordance with this feeling the author of the legends of Izdubar has lengthened the story, making out that Izdubar did not die, but wandered away into some fabulous region, where he was cured of to some fabulous region, where he was cured of his discuse. This latter part of the story must be entirely fabulous, but it is the most interes-

be entirely fabulous, but it is the most interes-ting portion of the marrative, because the author has woven into his text an account of the Deluge, and other curious legends and beliefs current at that time in Habylonia. Ludubar is represented in the fabulous part of the legend as wandering away from the city of Ersch, and coming to a region where there were giants who control the sun, and send it every day on its course. These monsters are represented as terrible in appearance and of great stature, their terrible in appearance and of great stature, their feet resting in hell, while their heads rested in heaven. Three of them confronted Izdubar, who was terrified by them, but afterward summoned up courage to appraach them. On Izdubar in-quiring of the giants, he was directed on his road to Hasisadra, the sage, whom, in my former letters, I have called Sisit, but whose name I

letters, I have called Sisit, but whose name I have now discovered to be as above.

It was a tradition in the country that Hasisadra had lived before the flood, at a city which was called Surippak, and which was styled the "ship city," or "ark city," in allusion to the ark built as a refuge against the flood. I have already given an account of the Chaldean Deluge traditions and this land untransact as although traditions, and this I need not repeat, as although the narrative is now much completer, the facts remain as I first stated them.

In his subsequent journey in search of Hasisa-dra, Lidhbar is supposed to passible only a region of darkness, and then to arrive at a country which was like a paradise, the tree being hung with jewels. Lidhbar afterward meets many other adventures, and ultimately, as I have before related, sees Hasisadra and hears from him the

Hasisadra, when he had revealed his history. gave directions to Urhamsi, the companion of Izdubar, to dip the bero into the sea, and after his bath the Babylonian monarch arose cured, as the inscription states: His disease in the water to beauty turned; he cast off alls illness, and the sea carried it away, and health covered

After his restoration to health the mighty hunter returned, in company with the seamon Urhamsi, to the city of Erech, and is supposed to have lamented over his lost companion Heabani as David mourned over Jonathau. The follow-

ing is part of his lameutation :

ing is part of his limituation;

6. The noble banquet thou dest not share,

7. To the assembly they do not call thee;

8. The how from the ground thou dost not lift,

9. What the bow would strike surround thee;

10. The mace in thy hand thou dost not grasp,

11. The spoil defies thee;

12. Shoes on thy feet thou dost not wear,

13. The slain on the ground thou dost not stretch,

14. The wife whom thou levest thou dost not kisa.

15. The wife whom thou levest thou dost not strike;

16. The child whom thou hatest thou dost not atrike;

17. The arms of earth have taken thee.

This poetical threspody of Izdubar is follow.

This poetical threnody of Izdubar is followed by a curious legend, to the effect that Heabani, who had been killed, did not rest in his grave unwho had been killed, did not rest in his grave under the earth, and petition is made to the gods that he may be transferred from the lower region, or hell, to heaven. The various gods refused to listen to this prayer until it reached the ears of Hea, the ruler of the lower regions, who directed his son Merodach to strike the earth, whereupon the ghost of Heabani rose out of the ground and ascended to heaven. This legend gives an opportunity for the writer to add a vivid description of heaven and hell. Those fables of the early Baylonians have an interest beyond the strangeness of the incidents mentioned in them, massanch as they prove to us that those early races had a belief in a future life, in heaven and hell, and a system of rewards and punishments after death.

life, in heaven and hell, and a system of rewards and punishments after death.

Associated with those legends I have found a considerable collection of similar stories, all appearing to belong to the same literary age. Many of them, I believe, will turn out of considerable interest when they are translated.

Among the inscriptions discovered during the last expedition to Assyria were some curious texts relating to Assyrian astronomy, one of which I have selected to show the interest of these tables. The inscription records that the Babylonians and Assyrians divided the heavens into finer regions, so arranged that the sun passed Habyjoniana and Assyrans divided the neavens into four regions, so arranged that the sun passed from one region to another when the seasons changed. Thus, in Spring, the sun was in the region of one great goddess of doubtful name, in Summer in that of another, in Antunn elsewhere, and in Winter in the region of Hea. The tablet further gives the rules for fixing the calendar, and for determining which wars shall have dar, and for determining which years shall have thirteen months, for the Assyrian calendar was not a regular one like ours, but was constructed like the present calandar of the Jews, having twelve hunar months, with an occasional thir-teenth month to keep the year in its proper posi-tion in respect to the seasons.

MULE-FOOTED HOGS.—We saw yesterday at Hambrig's livery stable, a natural curiosity in the shape of a pair of "mnle-footed" or "mountain hogs"—an old sow and a pig—said to have been caught in the Black Hills by the Indians. Their hoofs are like the hoof of a mule, without the alightest evidence of a split. Their color is black, and they are as vicious as a wounded tiger. The owner, Mr. B. F. Barrett, is going to travel with them, and while in the city, had a strong cage made and the proper paintings, giving an interesting illustration of the scene of their capture.—Coffeyrile Courier.

WESTERN newspapers wags are making thrusts at Gen. Tracy's arguments. None of them, how-ever, believe in the immortality of the soul, and all of them would rather sit around a hot stove and chew tobacco than join our Brooklyn broth-erhood of saints, and go aloft to glory,—Brooklyn

A VERMONT clergyman stepped up to kiss the woman he had just made a bride, when she brought her hand down on his mouth and spoiled a forty dollar set of false teeth.

"VICE PRESIDENT WILSON," says an exchange, "is having boils." This, then is the reason he doesn't take his seat as President of the Senate. -Courier Journal.

In Minnesota wood is only two dollars at the door, but then it takes a cord of wood to warm one side of a man up there.

Is there is ever another war, Kentucky can arm ber entire force of militia with rifles that Daniel

BLACK HILLS RALLYING SONG. lion men rejoice at the wandrous stories told be treasure hidden in Dakota soil, Of the treasure hidden in Dakota sou, nd anxiously the pioneer is thinking of the gold That soon or late will pay him for his toil.

Then, tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching. From every State and city in the land. To the land of guar pines, to the gold and silver mine. Oh. I tell you, boys, the prespects there are grand.

Then away, let us away, to the country called Black Hills, Where nature every want of man supplies: Where waters clear as crystal, in a thousand little rills, Come stealing down the rocky mountain sides. Then, tramp, tramp, tramp, &c.

In Autumn, seventy-four, went a band of twenty-nine Across Nebraska peairies bleak and cold. They travelled many a day on their long and weary way, Till, in time, they struck the famous land of gold.

Then, tramp, tramp, tramp etc.

They "struck it rich you bee," for on the very day
That prospecting little band began.

They found the yellow metal intermingled with the clay,
And they took if out, a quarter to the pain. Then, tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

Hail to the twenty-nine! may their memory ever be A treasure in the cabin, cot, and mine, As shining as the gold, and as green as any tree That ornaments that glorious land of pine. Then, tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

boys, let us away to the valleys and the hills There's wealth in store for every working man.
's'd better get some dust, for the shafting and the mills
Will soon replace the shovel, pick, and pan. Then, tramp, tramp, tramp, etc.

THEOLOGICAL POLITICS.

The usual abortive desire to have an established religion of this country, which has been manifested occasionally, met with a slight success in North Carolina recently, a member of the Legislature having been expelled, not because he was an atheist, but because he was not sufficiently orthodox in his theism? In the benighted State which was the scene of this shameful experience. which was the scene of this shameful occu which was the scene of this shameful occurrence, there has long been a prevalence of morrowness and bigotry which would have been considered an intelerable disgrace in more enlightened communities. Until 1848, no Atheist, Deist, Jew, or Roman Catholic was permitted to hold office. Since that date only those "who dony the existence of Almighty God" have been disqualified. But a majority of the House insist that it is not enough to believe in a God unless he is defined in a way that is satisfactory to them.

a way that is satisfactory to them.

Mr. J. Williams Thorne, a Progressive Friend
from the North, who was elected to represent Warren County, by negro votes, and was proba-bly objectionable to the Democratic majority on that account, and offensive to corrupt members of the Republican minority on account of his of the Republican minority on account of his aggressive righteousness, was arraigned on theological grounds and expelled without a trial. The only evidence against him was a pamphlet published several years ago, when Mr. Thorne had a controversy with an English clergyman. In that discussion he denounced the popular theology which, as he thought, made God cruel and vindictive. He rejected the Trinity and eternal panishment, but recognized the existence of a Supreme Being who governs the universe by inexorable laws. Just before his expulsion he was called to the bar of the House, and under oath made this statement of faith: "There is but one living and true God; everlasting, without body or parts, or passions; of unlimited powbut one living and true God; everlasting, without body or parts, or passions; of unlimited powor, wisdom and goodness; the maker of all things,
visible and invisible." He also proved that he
was a Progressive Friend, in good standing, and
had been an officer in that religious body. Still
he was deprived of his seat upon the pretext that
he did not believe in the God of the Bible, hut
only in the philosopher's God of nature.
If anything were needed to show the absurdity
and injustice of introducing theological tests into
political life, this action of the North Carolina
Legislature would suffice abundantly. The nominal objectious to Mr. Thorne were wholly
speculative. In intelligence and personal char-

speculative. In intelligence and personal character he was at least the peer of his accusers and judges. There were no charges of neglect of duty. An equal degree of history would have de-

ludges. There were no charges of neglect of duty. An equal degree of bigotry would have deprived the general government of the services of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Adans, John Quincy Adams, Carl Schurz, Charles Sumner, and Abraham Lincoln.

The triumph of darkness must tend to confirm the early and permanent defeat of all efforts to fling theological fire-brands into political assemblies. In a country without any established religion, all questions relating to the thology of public men are impertinent. Neither voters nor colleagues have any husiness to inquire into the soundness of the religious opinions of a legislator. If he is capable and trustworthy in his haman relations, that is enough for the public to know. Whether he is a Protestant or a Reman Cathohe, a Jew or a Christain, a Theist or an Cathohe, a Jew or a Christain, a Theist or an dill not remained at Richmond, a gray coated Confederate guarding his door to see that know. Whether he is a Protestant of a Catholic, a Jew or a Christain, a Theist or an Christain, a Theist or an Christain, a Christain own concern. Once meddle with Catholic, a Jew or s Christain, a Theist or an Atheist, is his own concern. Once meddle with such considerations, and orthodoxy will be held to be more important than thruthfulness, hones-ty, and other forms of purity. Liars, thieves, libertines and hypocrities will combine to get rid

of upright heretics.

We have enough difficult practical problems to solve without wasting the time of the State or National Legislatures in the discussion of speculative questions. We cannot spare the presence of any good and true man merely because he cannot recite the catechism or subscribe to our creed. A Jew who would have the government fulfill its obligations to its creditors is better than any Christian repudlator. A Roman Catholic who spurns back-pay is better than a Protestant who will take it. An Atheist who adores justice is better then a Theist who winks Protestant who will take it. An Atheist who adores justice is better then a Theist who winks at any form of wrong. But it is hardly worth while for the Register to expend much indignation upon this outrage, for even the Chicago Interior, Prof. Patton's journal, says: "This is the most ludicrous exhibition of mediaval intolerancemade in this country for an age. It will be repudiated by all enlightened Christians."—
Christian Register, Boston.

THE LINCOLN ASSASSINATION.

The point doesn't seem to be so much whether the constitution of the United States recognizes God, as that He recognizes the constitution.

If Shearman is going to fixed that sourt-recognizes with tears, he ought to be dammed.

WHOLE NUMBER, 925.

TRAMPS.

Some of the Noted Ones Who Put in an Ocea-

[From the Dea Moines Register.]

(From the Dea Moines Register.)

Probably no occupation in life has in its ranks as many wanderers as the art typographical. Every printing office has its legends of their coming and going. Two years ago died at Busyrus, O., Thomas Wallace, who was a compositor in Des Moines twenty-two years before. Prior to that he was at lowa City, and set type on the journal of the first Territorial Legislature. He had worked, at the time of his death, in 2,700 different offices, and went to the printers' reward at the ripe age of eighty years. As an evidence of the different ages in which he plied his art, he pulled a Ramage press in 1821, and in 1870 set type for "Petrolemm V. Nashy." in Toledo, O.

"Matchet"—The ever had any other mans, no one this side of his christening font was ever able to discover it—commenced his career in Scotland in 1829. The first year the Legislature was in session in Des Moines, Matchet appeared here as an actor, in the first theatrical performance ever given in this city. He had but one eye, and, like most of the tramps, han an unbounded capacity for benzine. He was a composition in equal parts of printer, actor and vagabond, and excelled in each character. Ten or twelve years after he tred the hearts in Des Moines he came back, the last time trayeling on a pass on the dirt road, which he traversel for lack of the lucre wherewith to pay stage fare. The second time he appeared as a printer, and a good one he was, too. He worked on the old Chirca until he had accumulated twenty dollars. Then he started for Georgia, intending to tramp the entire distance. Two years ago an old, grizzled and wrinkled man entered the Register composing room about midnight. With easy sonchalance he introduted himself as "Old Matchet." The next day he was given work, and the next day being Sunday, he squandered his day's wages in forty-rod whisky, and that night he slept in the press-room. He estimated that the aggregate miles of his tramps exceeded sixty thousand. Ono trip was from Fort Leavenworth to California. He

Jack Harrington is another traveling typogra-pher whose fingers have been plied in the prin-ting offices of every State. His first exploit in life was to spend twenty thousand dollars left him by an accumulative but short-lived paren-tial arcenter. Then he commenced to trang and soak himself with the whiskies of all points of the compass. He has probably borrowed half a dollar of ever jour printer in the Union, and when he dies he will attempt to "stand off" with

when he dies he will attempt to "stand off" with his undertaker.

Singletary is a most remarkable tramp. Born in Ohio, he worked at his trade until he had accumulated one hundred dollars. Then he started out to see Mexico, which he did in company with Zach Taylor. The close of the war found him in New Orleans, and from there started with the express purpose of visiting every State and Territorial capital. Ten years ago his mission was completed, Des Moines heing the last, where he worked on "State work" to raise money to carry him home to Ohio. Nearly all his tramping was done afoot. He slept in a press room in preference to a hotel, and in the summer time, was happy while slumbering in a friendly hay mow. Like most of those old style tramps, he was an excellant workman, and could have accumulated a handsome property had he not been under the influence of the Genlius of Unrest.

Jack Allen is yet in the land of the living, his undertaker.

under the influence of the Genius of Unrest.

Jack Allen is yet in the land of the living, just coming to the close of a life that has streehed out three-quarters of a century. Unlike most tramps, he has always been strictly temperate, the has probably seen more and seen better than any tramp in the country. Yesterday he left the Register office, where he had labored two weeks. He came here from Austin, Texas, having walked all the way except a strip of about one hundred miles through the Indian Territory, and worked more or less in almost every newspaper town here.

only town of seven thousand inhabitants in the United States he had not visited.

Jack Allcorn has walked until his feet are spread out as flat as a pan cake. He has counted ties on half the railroads in the Union. When he was fifty years old he found himself at Richmond, Va., working at his trade. The rebellion commenced and Jack's sentiments told him to go North. The government of the Canfederate States wanted his skill in the Government Printing office, and he remained at Richmond, a gray coated Contederate guarding his door to soo that he did not escape. Six months of this life was a dull dose, and one evening the tramping printer was among the missing. The next time he saw Richmond he was swinging a sahre in Sheridan's cavalry. At the close of the war, he again took the read, and last winter, his head white with age, but with a step as light as thirty years hefore, the unconquerable Jack came marking into Des Moines on the ties of the Valley road. A short period of labor on State work satisfied him, and he left en route for New Orleans.

It's a coundrum what becomes of old tramps, Wallace is the only one of them that has been known to die; the others are still on the go, and give no symptoms of a relapse into either the grave or quit. If they should die they wouldn't

give no symptoms of a relapse into either the grave or quit. If they should die, they wouldn't be satisfied in the other world unless there was

That "Atheist"-A Letter from the Expelled Member of the North Carolina Legislature.

A few days ago we published the account of the expulsion of J. Williams Thorne from the House of Representatives of North Carolina, Below we give his own version of the affair, giv-ou in a letter to the West Chester (Penn.) Repub-licas:

THE LINCOLN ASSASSINATION.

Beath of E. Spangler. One of the Parties.

The Port Tobacco (Md.) Independent, announces that Edward Spangler died at the residence of Dr. Sammel A. Mudd, near Bryantown, in Charles County, Md. on Sunday right hast. It will be remembered that Spangler was one of the parties arreated with Harold, Atzerott, Payne, O'Langhlin, Arnold, Dr. Mudd and Mrs. Surratt, and tried by millitary commission for the assassington conspiners, which resulted in the murder of President Lincoln in April, 1865. Bootf, the lander of the comprisory, was killed in an attempt induce of the comprisory, was killed in an attempt induced to the Dry Tortings for life, and Spangler to six years imprisonment and labor at the same place. O'Langhlin were sentanced. O'Langhlin were sentanced. O'Langhlin were sentanced. O'Langhlin were sentanced by Dr. Mudd, Arnold and O'Langhlin were sentanced. O'Langhlin were sentanced by Dr. Mudd, and marsel by the other than the Dry Tortingas for life, and Spangler to six years imprisonment, and labor at the same place. O'Langhlin dependent, and shout the close of President Johnson's and manuscley the other president being the officers and Arnold we may be a subject of the Dry Tortingas, a number of whom were attended by Dr. Mudd, and marsel by the other proposes monthough, through the forer. Dr. Mudd, on returning to Maryland, took up his residence with Dr. Mandd, between whom and Spangler treates becoming to reside. Sam Arnold returned to Baltimore, as did Spangler. The latter, about two years since, took up his residence with Dr. Mandd, between whom and Spangler treates the worked for many years under Mr. Jas. Gifford, a master builder. Mr. Gifford, on taking the position of stage carpenter at Ford's Theatre, employed Mr. Spangler as an assistant. Spangler was rather a stout built man, was about fit; vive years old when he died. It was a lieged that he took charge of she horse of Booth to a surface and the assessination, but turned the animal over to "Feaunt' John" to hold, and al HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, ?

ALAS, we are arranged this inght clothes, man over to "Peanut John" to hold, and also that he had arranged with Booth to have a way kept open in the theatre for him to escape.

A Kansas family has lived four days on dried pples and snow. A down easter with and

A KANSAS family has lived four days on dried apples and anow. A down easter with such chances would have crawled out from under the drifts with eleven patents for making dried apple ice cream.—Boston Globe.

The point doesn't seem to be so much whether

The point doesn't seem to be so much whether